

TERMS.
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THE BANNER.

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(Correspondence of the Banner.)

ABBEVILLE, June 20th.

Friend Allen:—I had concluded to close my communications upon the subject of "the land of flowers," with my last number, but some are unwilling to take the numbers already published, as a full and impartial account of facts, claiming that I am bound to speak of the inconveniences attendant upon an immediate settlement in that country.

Well, I expect that all your readers, are aware of the fact, that in seeking a new country, they have first to abandon the old, and most people find many difficulties in preparing for the removal. Their houses and lands, and other property, must be disposed of, and much of it at a sacrifice. Preparations are to be made for the journey—suitable wagons and teams, and tent cloths are to be prepared—a farewell visit is to be made to the numerous friends, and these partings, with friends, for the last time, are not agreeable, for they are often concluded with a tearful eye, a downcast countenance, a full heart, and a silent tongue. But then, the sadness is in part cancelled by the reflection, that while they are severed from friends, the same distance separates them from the deceitful smiles, the slanderous breath, and bitter cruel wrath of their enemies. Having fairly started, the difficulties of the journey are next in order. But little distance is gained, until the team fails to proceed. One concludes that the team is balky; another finds fault with the old wagon, but an experienced wagoner knows, that in seven cases out of every ten, people overburden the team, when they attempt to move.

How sweetly sleeps the weary traveler; yet, the slumbers of the family are disturbed by the midnight squallings of the little children. But I am writing for all classes, and as some have no children, the remarks that I might make concerning them, could not apply to all travellers, and I will therefore, leave the children, where, "Barney left the girls."

The distance to be travelled, if by land, is about 450 miles; if by water, 600. When you arrive there, you have houses to build. Any log cabin will answer if it has a good roof, as the climate is mild both summer and winter. You then have to clear the land which you intend to cultivate. Not by "killing and crippling," (as in this country, leaving most of the timber standing,) but by making clean work of it.

As for working the soil, it is a perfect pastime, the soil being exceedingly light and destitute of rocks and red clay. Horses are but little used. I will here caution persons desirous of moving to Florida. Never take a large horse there, as they will soon die, if put to service. But ponies and mules, live as well there, as any where else. Nor should cattle be driven there, from this distance, as the fatigue of the journey, and change of climate and diet, with other causes, will kill two out of five. Hogs grow rapidly there, and fatten without any effort on the part of the owner. The paint-root and other vegetables, fatten them as abundantly as corn, although the flesh is less solid. If you intend raising hogs, and intend living near a lake or pond, it would be well to supply yourself with a good rifle, an abundance of ammunition, as well as a good pack of dogs; for between the alligators, bears, tigers and wolves, you will not only have sport, but exercise for a year or two, in protecting your, small grunts.

Musquitoes and sand flies abound there, as well as in every section of this continent, in rich low grounds, and on

the water courses. But on the pine barrens, where the dwellings are usually erected, they are no more troublesome than in the village of Abbeville.

Neighbors are like "angels visits," but then they will increase every month. Mills are not erected in that region yet, but each family has a steel mill of its own, and when a sufficient number of inhabitants shall settle there to warrant it, steam mills will be erected.

No schools are yet established, but teachers are always to be had where the children are sufficiently numerous to make a good school.

As for preaching, what occasion for fear on that ground, when Christ has commissioned the clergy, saying, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?" One can hardly be so secluded on this continent, as not to be hunted up by the clergy.

One is ready to enquire, "what will we do for bacon and flour?" I answer, buy them as most of you do here. As for the flesh of swine it may always be had there fresh, but the winters are too warm to make bacon of it. Wheat has been raised there in small quantities, as an experiment. But as they have no mills for flouring, it would be a waste of time and capital to raise it. Who could starve, surrounded with an abundance of the flesh of bear, deer, turkeys, prairie hens, wild geese, wild ducks, with any quantity of the fattest kind of cattle. And in the vegetable line, corn, beans, peas, potatoes, yams, arrow-root, water melons, musk melons, pumpkins, squashes, &c. &c. &c., while every running stream, and every pond and lake is alive with fish, of almost every desirable variety?

There too, the lover of the Habana and Principe, may regale himself with sweet fumes of the filthy weed, grown at his own door, while the juice of the wild orange, affords a beverage, more refreshing than the syrup of lemons. The mother of sweets is there, the sugar cane, and every family makes its own sugar, and the molasses so abound, as to rejoice the hearts of men and little niggers.

One enquires, have they roads and bridges? They have a sufficient number of roads for present purposes. Any number more can be added that may be required, at a trifling expense, and when made remain good, thus relieving the inhabitants of the onerous task of road duty. Bridges are not there, but will be when required as in every new country.

In conclusion, I would say, to every one who may wish to move there, first visit the country, and satisfy yourself, respecting a matter so important, as the location of your future home.

I have endeavored, to give an impartial account, of the region in which I travelled, more especially the lake region. If I were to leave Abbeville, (a thing, I should cheerfully do, if my property could be disposed of, at but a small sacrifice,) I most certainly should settle near lake Harris, desiring no better land; and no better neighbors, than the families of Messrs. Harris, Crow, Robinson, and others in that region.

Should I remove, my sacrifices must be great, as I should be giving up, a lucrative practice, in the profession of medicine, and should leave behind me many warm friends. But I should receive in return, a respite from slavery. That slavery, into which every physician enters, who receives a respectable practice. I should have time for study, reflection and travel. I could at once enter upon an everdaring soil, which would be a rich legacy for my children. I could breathe an atmosphere, sweet

as that, which is wafted through a field of "Arabian spices." Seated in the dense shade of a wide spread evergreen orange, I could regale myself upon its delicious fruit. And while feasting my vision upon the flocks of chattering paroquets, and the antics of the spotted fawn, could breathe the exhilarating air, and be fanned by the gentle breezes of the ocean. Sated with these enjoyments, I could enter a light bark, upon the silvery lake, and raising the white sheet to the breeze, could be wafted over its gentle waves, from point to point, amidst scores of up-jumping trout and mullet, while on either hand I could see myriads of wild geese and ducks, and in the distance an humble dwelling, where friends would be waiting to give me a hearty welcome.

My best wishes, if not my presence, shall accompany those who seek a home in that happy land. F. BRANCH.

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.

INSURRECTION AT JALISCO.—Don Jose Maria Yanez, styled in his proclamations "Commander-in-Chief of the Second Division of the Republican Army," was at the head of the insurrection. At a meeting of the insurgent officers, headed by him, a formal "Acta" on the part of the garrison was drawn up and signed. After reciting what in their view have been the causes of the continual revolutions in Mexico, the principal of which is the destruction of their former free Constitution—after denouncing the project of erecting a throne in Mexico with a foreign prince—after protesting against the Congress called by Paredes, in which the national will cannot be represented—and after reciting various other alleged grievances, an "Acta" or "Plan" is proclaimed for the regeneration of the Republic. It is divided into ten articles.

The first disowns the call for the Congress, as made by Paredes, as an open attempt against the sovereignty of the nation, and as issued with a view to establish a throne in Mexico, to be filled by a foreign prince.

The second declares that a new Congress shall be summoned, the members to be elected by the people according to the electoral laws of 1824. This Congress to be charged with forming a Constitution in which the monarchical principle is to be utterly excluded.

The third article provides that Congress shall assemble in four months after the liberating forces shall have gained possession of the capitol.

The fourth guarantees the existence of the army.

The fifth declares traitors whoever shall oppose the meeting of the Congress, make an attempt upon the liberty of its members, or dissolve or suspend its sessions, or pretend to oppose the Constitution which it establishes.

The sixth article is as follows:—

As Gen. Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna had the glory of founding the Republic, and whatever may have been his errors, has been its strongest support, in spite of the policy of Europe and the instigations of some perverse Mexicans, and opposed himself to the usurpation by North America; the garrison of Jalisco proclaims the said General as the Chief in the grand enterprise for which this plan is entered into.

The seventh article appropriates the fourth part of the products or revenues of the Departments to the prosecution of the war "with Texas and North America," this fourth part to be remitted to the army direct.

The three remaining articles regard the administration of the laws in the Department, and are of little general importance.

This plan was adopted and signed on the 20th of May.

Extracts of letters from the correspondents of the N. O. Delta, dated at the Camp opposite Matamoros:—

"I was present at a very interesting conversation between Gen. Davis and an intelligent Mexican last evening, in which the latter gave a most thrilling description of the condition of his country. 'We have,' said he, 'the finest

soil and healthiest climate in the world, a sober, industrious people, and yet the land is a desert. You think that this is caused by our indolence. Not so. It has been brought about entirely by bad government. There is no protection for property. To be reputed rich is but to be marked as the prey of some official. We do not accumulate, because we cannot enjoy the fruits of our labor. And every revolution, by giving us swarms of new officers, but increase our distress. Every department of power is grossly corrupt. And all we want to be a great nation is a just and stable government.' He added much more to the same effect, and these sentiments accord so perfectly with those which I have frequently heard expressed by others, that I have no doubt that the continuance of the present humane policy of our government of respecting and protecting private property, will result in the establishment of a Northern Republic under the protection of the United States.

I regret to say that the measles have broken out in our Camp, and Dr. Axson, our Surgeon, declares in his report that it has assumed an epidemic form. At present we have had no deaths, but some very critical cases. The dysentery is likewise very bad with many. By the same boat which will probably bring this, several of our Regiment go forward—some probably to find an early grave at home: the others, as nurses. Most of them being intelligent gentlemen, you will no doubt be able to glean from them some interesting Camp chit-chat.

TOM.
P. S.—I have just learned that Dr. Norris, of Capt. Fountain's company, Andrew Jackson Regiment, died yesterday. He was formerly editor of the "Woodville (Miss.) Republican," and more recently of the "Bayou Sara (La.) Ledger." Dr. N. was a man of fine abilities, and was at one time a prominent member of the Mississippi Legislature. I could not learn of what disease he died.

A MEXICAN SOLDIER'S BURIAL.—A correspondent of the Picayune, thus sketches a funeral, he witnessed at Matamoros.

The Mexicans gave us a sample yesterday of the manner in which they bury their dead soldiers. It must, in justice to them, however, be remembered in a captured city, where they are not allowed to use their arms. The dead man was brought out of a hospital, in a long wooden box covered with coarse black muslin. Four men acted as bearers, each smoking a cigarette. They were preceded, some ten yards, by a band consisting of a horn, clarinet, flute and fife. Close behind the corpse followed a little boy, with a brand of fire and his pockets crammed full of "India crackers." These he pulled out one after another, and touched them off on his chunk of fire. Next followed a crowd of women, smoking cigars. The bearers stopped several times, changed their burden to a fresh shoulder and lighted their cigars."

CASTLE OF SAN JUAN DE ULLOA.—The first object that strikes the eye in approaching Vera Cruz by water, is the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, with the spires and domes of the churches peering up in the distance behind it. It stands alone upon a small rocky island, on one side of the main entrance to the harbor, and only about half a mile from the wall of the city, and consequently has complete command of the port. The entrance off the other side is so barred with broken reefs and ledges, that it can only be used by small craft in favorable weather.

The castle is circular and strongly built, and heavily mounted. Its principal strength, however, is in its position, inaccessible except by water, and its guns pointing every way, leaving no side open to the attack of an enemy.

The form of the city of Vera Cruz is semi-circular, fronting the sea. It is situated on an arid plain, surrounded by sand hills, and is badly supplied with water, the chief reliance being upon rain collected in cisterns, which are often so poorly constructed as to answer but very little purpose. The chief resource of the lower classes, is the water of a ditch, so impure as frequently to occasion disease. An attempt was made,

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more than a century ago, to remedy this evil by the construction of a stone aqueduct from the river Xamapa; but unfortunately, after a very large sum had been expended on the work, it was discovered that the engineer who constructed it had made a fatal mistake in not ascertaining the true level, and the work was abandoned in despair.

Norman's Rambles.

"THE GODDESS OF REASON."—Among the enormities of the French Revolution was the abolishment of the Christian Religion by the National Assembly, and the substitute of the worship of the "Goddess," took place in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and is thus described in the "Histoire de la Convention Nationale:—"

"The day after the memorable sitting when the Christian Religion was abolished, the Festival of Reason was celebrated at Notre Dame, which became the temple of the new divinity. The most distinguished artists of the Capitol, musicians and singers were enjoined to assist at the ceremony, under pain of being suspected and treated as such. The wife of Monmore represented the Goddess; four men dressed in scarlet, carried her on their shoulders, seated in a gilt chair adorned with garlands of oak. She had a scarlet cap on her head, a blue mantle over her shoulders, a white tunic covered her body; in one hand she held a pike, in the other an oak branch. Before her marched young women clothed in white, with tri-colored girdles and crowned with flowers. The legislature with red caps, and the deputies of the sections brought up the rear.

"The cortege traversed Paris from the Hall of the Convention to Notre Dame. There the Goddess was elevated on the high altar, where she received successively the adoration of all present, while the young woman filled the air with incense and perfumes—Hymns in honor of the occasion were sung, a discourse pronounced, and every one retired; the Goddess no longer borne aloft, returned on foot or in a hackney coach."

THE GRAVE YARD.—The following eloquent and beautiful extract is from "The Village Grave-yard," written by the Rev. Mr. Greenwood of Boston;—

"I never shun a grave-yard; the thoughtful melancholy which it inspires is grateful rather than disagreeable to me; it gives me no pain to tread on the green roof of that dark mansion, whose chambers I must occupy soon; and I often wander from choice to a place where there is neither solitude nor society—something human is there; but the folly, the bustle, the vanities, the pretensions, the pride of humanity, are gone—men are there, but the passions are hushed, and their spirits are still, malevolence has lost its power of harming, appetite is satiated, ambition lies low, and just is cold; anger has done raving, all disputes are ended, all revelry is over, the fellest animosity is deeply buried and the most dangerous sins are safely confined by the thickly piled clods of the valley; vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the trump of the archangel and the voice of God.

A BUSY FELLOW.—We hear of an editor down east, who we think is without exception the most industrious man of his time. He is not only his own compositor, pressman, and devil, but keeps a tavern, is village postmaster, town clerk, captain in the militia, reads his own boots and shoes, makes patent Brandreth pills, peddles essence and tin ware two days in the week, is parish sexton and always reads sermons on Sunday, when the minister happens to be missing. In addition to all his occupations, he has a scolding wife, sixteen ungrateful and disobedient children, and a large circle of needy acquaintances.—Poor fellow!

"Bless me, how badly that lady sings," said a young man at a small tea party last evening. "Her singing reminds me of the squalling of a cat."

"So it should," said another in reply: "she's inspired by the news."